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# Self-Renunciation

By the Author of

“Nuggets of Gold.”



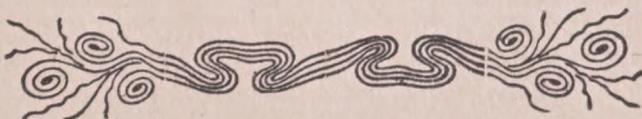


# Self-Renunciation

By the Author of

“Nuggets of Gold.”

Bruce Hughes.



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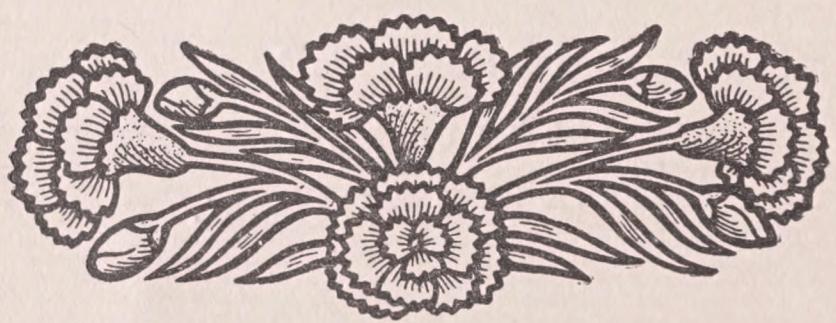
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21.6.1912

DEDICATED  
TO OUR NOW  
SAINTED MOTHER.



## CHAPTER I.

**R**UTH HASKENS was a beautiful girl, not simply as to being handsome, but as to disposition and manners. Her soulful nature was ebbing out everywhere.

She had been brought up in the mountain wilds as a pure child of nature. All that she knew was to spend herself in behalf of others.

Her family had come into possession of large tracts of land, but had much difficulty in getting along. Only by hard labor on their part, close economy, careful planning, and help on the part of Ruth, could they manage to eke out a mere existence. Adversity seemed to be on their track.

They were harrassed and annoyed by mountain fires in the spring and these were followed by a wider spread of devastation in the fall.

During the drought in mid-summer, when fields of golden grain were about ready for the sickle, flames would break out and carry ruin in their train. To add to these hardships, winters were extremely severe. Deep snows fell, and driving storms piled them up in the roads and around the buildings until their home was a veritable prison.

After a certain summer of devastating fire the winter following was extremely severe. The family passed through a siege of suffering which reduced them almost to the verge of ruin.

Major Haskens, the father, had broken down, and the oldest son, who could have been a help to the family, was arbitrary and ugly, and determined to leave home.

The parents pleaded with him to abandon the idea, but without avail. Even Ruth, who had

always swayed a strong influence over his life, could prevail nothing on this occasion.

He had resolved to go, and go he would.

However a few days before the contemplated departure a serious accident happened. While at the barn one evening, he abused a vicious horse which was on the premises; consequently the animal became unmanageable, got the better of the boy, and trampled him under his feet.

Ruth, being within hearing, hurried to the scene of the noise and found the boy beneath the horse's feet. Without stopping to think of danger, she rushed in along-side of the vicious animal, got the boy out, and conveyed him to the house.

Medical aid was found necessary, and the task fell to Ruth to summon the physician who lived many miles away. There were no roads and no bridges. The only way of getting there was by following foot paths through the forests and fording the streams. Nevertheless she started on the family horse "Ned," with her great mastiff dog "Mage" by her side.

After she had gone, the family grew worse, the son became wild, the father became dangerously ill under the shock, and things in general rapidly evolved into a critical situation.

The mother however, a brave and courageous woman, undertook to worry the time through, expecting her daughter soon to return. But when Ruth did not put in her appearance after a reasonable time, the mother lost heart. The situation became critical in the extreme. It looked as though the whole family were doomed to an awful fate. But about the second watch in the night, as the Jew would say, there was a rap at the door.

Immediately the mother answered the call, and, behold, there stood before her a man of strange appearance. He looked somewhat like a young scion of the aborigines.

Who he was and whence he came did not

then appear. But he gave her to understand that he was traveling through the forest and that, night having overtaken him, he was seeking shelter.

In this hour of extremity the woman was not long in explaining the situation. She told him that the house was virtually an asylum with inmates almost running wild, while she herself was completely worn out. Hence the thought of entertaining strangers was out of the question.

The traveler listened to the story with much interest, and when she was through he kindly inquired about the trouble and offered his services which the mother gladly accepted. With the greatest care he examined into the boy's wounds and found them dangerous. Then in his effort at relief he made use of an herb which he found in the forest. Being acquainted with the properties of this peculiar plant, he prepared and applied it to the wounds until the fiery pains subsided. He had other remedies besides, and also carried an instrument which he called his "talisman." He applied this instrument to the boy and there was immediate improvement. Next he turned attention to the father and rendered him good service. He also prescribed for the mother and gave her relief. Thus he made real the Scriptures where it speaks of entertaining angels while entertaining strangers, for this stranger proved to be an angel in disguise to this woman entertaining him.

At morning dawn the traveler was making ready to take his departure, but the mother pleaded with him to remain until word came from her daughter. While they were thus talking the black horse "Ned" came rushing home at a furious rate without a saddle or bridle. He was all in a foam, his eyes sparkling, his head raised in the air, snorting, and neighing, and looking in every direction. There was no sign of the daughter, physician, or any other party. On

the other hand there were all signs of a tragedy.

The mother was again almost frantic. Hence the stranger turned aside and with his "talisman" captured the horse and conveyed him away in safety. Then he opened communications with parties at a distance. His method was mysterious. He placed himself in touch with distant parties and in the shortest time possible there appeared on the scene another sturdy young man. Coming up, he hailed the former stranger and benefactor with great cordiality.

"Dr. Ralph Overland," said he, "How is this? Long and anxiously have we waited for word from you; but all in vain. And when word did come we were involved in one of the most horrible experiences of our lives. On one of our expeditions, hearing cries in the distance, we went in that direction. Nearing the place, the following scene came before us. A young girl was clinging to a frantic black horse, while a large mastiff dog was engaged in a death struggle with a wild beast. The mastiff hurled the wild beast away with terrific force, but with glistening eyes and foaming mouth the animal renewed the attack. The struggle waxed fiercer than ever, and for a while hope seemed on the side of the brave old mastiff. However the tide soon turned, the brave mastiff relaxed his grip and sank down to the ground. All the while the young girl was clinging to the frantic horse. But in good time we were by the girl's side and knocked the wild beast to the ground. It rolled over, fighting twigs, clawing every thing within reach, but finally expired. Overcome by the terrible strain and shocking scene, the girl sank away into a swoon and fell to the ground. The horse became unmanageable and ran away. Quickly and gently we conveyed the girl to our camp. Leaving her there in the care of the guardian, we returned to the scene of the tragedy. Gathering up the belongings of our party, we re-

turned to the camp soon as possible. But, alas ! On our return we found the guardian almost dead, the camp despoiled, and the girl gone. However, after the camp officer had recovered a little, we gathered from him what had happened, namely, that a band of desperadoes infesting the wilds had done the work. Into their hands the girl fell, and they carried her away. Amidst these exigencies your message came, and with all dexterity possible we have come hither."

Dr. Ralph Overland said: "Hal Milburn, I am glad you have come. My late experience, as also your story, tell us that unexpected contingencies ever lie in our path; our plans are liable to be frustrated without a moment's warning, and we ourselves may be placed in strange relations to fellow man. My present dilemma has to all intents and purposes blocked our way to fortune. Rival parties have gotten in the field and are pushing their work with vigor. However, this is no time for lamentation. It was one of the unforeseen events, and possibly there is more Providence in it than blind misfortune. At all events it gives opportunity for the Samaritan spirit. On my journey I wandered in on this sorrowing family. The situation was so sad and unfortunate that I had not the heart to leave them alone."

Then Dr. Ralph Overland, calling in Mrs. Haskens, said: "Madam ! This is my friend and co-worker, Mr. Hal Milburn. He seems to possess information which will be of interest to you. I gather that he is able to throw light on the strange return of the black horse, and brings tidings relating to your daughter."

Lady Haskens exclaimed: "Mr. Milburn, you are another benediction. Dr. Overland, as you call him, has been an angel in disguise. He came when our home was overwhelmed with sorrow, and rendered us such timely and beneficent service. Now your arrival seems providential.

Is it true, Mr. Milburn, that you have tidings in regard to my daughter?"

Mr Milburn replied: "Lady, I am not acquainted with the circumstances in connection with your daughter. But from the recital of events with Dr. Ralph Overland things seem to point that way. Should such be the case, I am sorry to tell you that she is now in the hands of desperadoes"

"O, my poor Ruth!" cried Mrs. Haskens. "To do a kindness and lend a helping hand was the habit of her life. When she entered the home there was joy in the midst of gloom, and light in the midst of darkness. In her presence things assumed a new coloring, and life discovered a deeper meaning. May I ask," continued Mrs. Haskens, "whether there is any hope?"

"Yes!" suddenly broke in Dr. Ralph Overland. "Every cloud has a silver lining, and every night is followed by a morning. The hand that bears all nature up will guard his children well. Commending you therefore to a Providence whose paths are through deep waters, too wise to err and too good to be unkind, and promising you that we will do all within our power to bring things about well, we bid you farewell and address ourselves to our journey."

## CHAPTER II.

**D**ODSON HUMBOLT, the camp officer and guardian, had sufficiently recovered to be left alone.

Some of the company were still on the trail of the desperadoes, and some were following up the interests of the company. Indeed, it seemed as if the whole group were scattered like a flock without a shepherd.

Headquarters had become still as the valley of death. Not a sound was to be heard save the footstep of Dodson Humboldt as he wandered to and fro to wear away the time.

However, Rudolph Jackson, one of the company, returned after a time with interesting news. Said he:—"Humboldt, I have been an eye witness to an awful tragedy. There seem to be far reaching elements involved in it. The story runs something on this wise. A young girl made her escape from mountain strongholds, and worked her way out into the settlement. Tired and exhausted, she was sitting by the high way when a young man by the name of Edward Bramholt and myself came driving along. Seeing her wearied and haggard appearance, Bramholt inquired into her trouble.

"Looking us in the face, the girl said: 'Sirs, we are strangers. Whether to unbosom my story I do not know. But as I am I can do no more. First however tell me, sirs, are you honorable men? Are you friends to right and justice, and will you pledge me sympathy, protection and support?'

"Fair maiden," said Bramholt, "We hold honor above everything. It will be a pleasure to render you any service within our power."

Therefore with tremulous voice and nervous manner she thus began: "A daring scheme of robbery is on foot against a good and noble man not far from this neighborhood. His business is the largest in all the country. The owner seems famed for manhood, philanthropy, business and wealth. The stand is noted for its location and arrangements. It is situated in the central part of the city, while the residence is located in the suburban parts. But both are connected by electric wires and alarms. For some time a band of desperadoes, among whom I had the misfortune to fall, has been planning a raid thereon. Time and again I have heard their tales and plans. Often my heart has ached and my soul has shuddered at their blood curdling plots. At last maturing their plans, the desperadoes started on their bold round of depredations, and left me in charge of the strong-hold. But I could not bear the pressure any longer. To remain I charged myself with innocent flood. Therefore have I broken away with the hope that in some providential way I might be instrumental in frustrating their designs. Thus far have I come and can go no farther. Now unless I find deliverance and help from this source, all is over."

In reply Bramholt said: "Fair maiden, the man to whom you refer is my business partner. Therefore your story is of vital interest to me. If you will accompany us, we will return and carefully survey they situation."

Thus facing about, Bramholt started his horse and never slackened reins until he pulled in at home.

It was about the second watch of the night. Jumping out of his conveyance, he placed the

girl in the care of the Judson family while we proceeded to the scene of depredations.

On the way we agreed upon a place of meeting and plans of procedure. He then returned home and I agreed to join him at the appointed signal.

About midnight the alarms were disturbed. Accordingly he came to the appointed place and both of us proceeded toward the scene of the robbers' operations.

On the railroad track, a short distance from the store, we encountered two vicious characters who ordered us to surrender. Instead of obeying orders we opened fire on them. The struggle was terrific. But we shot one of the men to the ground, covered the other with revolvers, and thus kept him at bay.

Meanwhile Col. Judson hastened past us to the place of business. There he fell into a fusillade with another part of the gang and was wounded.

On the other hand he who assumed to be the leader of the band, missing his comrades, hastened to their rescue. Coming up to the scene, he announced himself as the leader and warned us not to fire under terrible penalty. Thus realizing the dilemma, young Bramholt exclaimed that something must be done at once or all would be over.

At this juncture however there suddenly appeared upon the scene, with weapon in hand, the mountain maid Ruth Haskens. Without exchanging words, she took dead aim at the approaching robber and shot him to the ground. Reeling, the robber exclaimed: "My God ! All is over ! Strangers, in heaven's name, spare me a little while. I have a secret to unbosom and plans to unfold which will be to your advantage. In our mountain strong-hold remains a maiden whom we carried away prisoner a long time ago. To her time and again we promised freedom and

large treasure. But now the difficulty is how to put you in communication with her. Are not some of my comrades still surviving?"

"Two are near at hand," replied young Edward Bramholt. "One however is wounded and possibly dying. The other is in charge of a brave young man who was providentially in our company."

"Pray," said the robber chief, "have the prisoner brought before me. I desire a word with him before my departure."

The culprit was brought face to face with the dying robber chief. The meeting was a sad one. Said the chief: "Malcom! We are overtaken at last. Our daring adventures have failed. Our stupendous schemes have fallen with vengeance on our own heads. I go. You remain. Make amends as far as you can. Conduct the strangers to the strong-hold in order that the young maiden there confined may secure her liberty."

Coming forward, and looking into the robber's face, Ruth Haskens exclaimed: "Jasper Markand! I am the maiden for whom you are planning. Give yourself no further concern save to make your peace with the stern Judge into whose presence you will soon be summoned."

With gasping breath the robber chief exclaimed: "Fair maiden! This seems incredible. But your presence is the undeniable proof. However, since events have come to pass this way, it is all the more welcome. A parting word with you will be my best consolation in this dismal hour. Fair maiden, my time is short and all will be over soon. My simple request therefore is that you count all the treasure and stores in the mountain strong-hold as your own, and grant forgiveness for all the wrongs you have sustained at my hand."

Ruth replied: "Markand, your prayer for

forgiveness is heartily granted. But your proffer as to treasures is declined."

Thus answered Ruth, and the robber expired.

But by this time the whole neighborhood was aroused and the authorities were on hand. Therefore we turned the bodies of the robbers, with the surviving prisoner, over into their hands. On the other hand we returned to the merchant's home,—he being borne there sometime previously. Everything was in a state of confusion and the family was in great distress. Therefore I placed myself at their service until all things had settled down into peace and order. Then at an opportune moment I took my leave and have come hither.

### CHAPTER III.

**O**VERLAND and his comrades had returned to the camp after prosecuting urgent and important business. He was grave, reticent and seemingly in a deep study. Otherwise the camp was all alive and full of stir.

At length Humbolt said: "Overland, the desperadoes have been run down, the girl has made her escape and has reached good hands."

Aroused from silence, Overland inquired: "Whence this news?"

Humbolt replied that Jackson had returned and had brought the news. He was eye witness to the tragedy through which it had been accomplished.

Said Overland: "I am glad of that. For the family to which that young woman belongs is a noble family.

"Dropping in on them in an hour of dire extremity, we found them almost in desperation. Yet the spirit manifested was remarkable. The patience, endurance, and self-sacrifice bordered on the heroic. One could easily learn the position the daughter occupied in the family. The mother gave me to understand that she would rather have borne all the ills and woes of the family than to have lost her daughter. Moreover if she fails to return, the mother refuses to be comforted, and will go down to her grave sorrowing like the patriarch of old. Therefore the case has always had a large place in my thoughts. However I am glad to report that the family is in a thrifty

condition. The son has thoroughly recovered. His better nature has gotten the ascendancy, and he has become quite a man. Only one sorrow remains in his way. He breaks out in wails over the loss of his sister. And especially since he holds himself responsible for the tragedy. Hence I think steps should be taken soon as possible to put them in communication with each other.

"To this end the following thought occurred to my mind. The company is on a vacation. Thus I thought that Jackson and I could visit the young woman, and if agreeable convey her home."

"A capital idea," said Jackson. "I am in favor of going immediately. We can each take a horse, and Putnam-like travel down the rocky crags and soon reach the plains. Putting our horses up and crossing the water, we can get to our destination in a very short time."

"Satisfactory," said Overland. "Some of the men will make the horses ready, while we get lunch and other appliances."

Promptly and joyfully all went to work.

But while thus deliberating and planning, the company was thrown into no little surprise by a young woman and man riding into camp.

The young woman inquired: "Is Rudolph Jackson a member of this company, and is he about the premises?"

Overland with some of the men being out around the premises, one of the men replied saying: "Jackson is a member of the company but at present is very busily engaged."

Said the young woman: "Will you oblige me, Sir, by informing him that I would like an interview with him?"

"Certainly," replied the man and went in and sent Jackson out.

The latter came out hurriedly, and at once recognized the couple.

Said he: "Miss Haskens and Edward Bramholt, how have you found your way hither?"

Ruth with her usual alertness replied that the star of destiny had brought them through.

Said Jackson: "Believe me, Miss Haskens, we were making ready to send a delegation in your behalf. In fact all things are ready for our departure, save victuals. If these had been ready, we would have been on our way."

By this time Dr. Overland came near, and Jackson beckoned him saying: "Doctor, here is Miss Haskens, the heroine of so many tragedies and hardships. Also the gallant young Edward Bramholt who acquitted himself so heroically in the recent ordeal. Anticipating our movements they have come hither."

Dr. Overland came up saying: "I am glad to be brought face to face with such gallant spirits. Miss Haskens, your name is as familiar to me as my own. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that your ventures, perils, heroism, and achievements have been laid before me. It seems I know you as well as if we had been life-long acquaintances."

Ruth replied that such seems passing strange.

"But when I tell you," continued Dr. Overland, "that your mother, though worn somewhat by time, is a hail and hearty woman, and only awaits the return of her long lost daughter to cheer her life,—when I tell you that your brother is still living and has become quite a promising man, it will be of some interest to you."

Much surprised Ruth exclaimed: "Dr. Overland, is it possible that you greet me with such news? Then my prayer is answered. Faith in Providence has buoyed me up through all these ordeals."

Dr. Overland continued: "Gallant maiden, all that I have told you is emphatically true, and much more.

"Mr. Jackson, who has told me of all your recent adventures, and myself, had planned a

delegation to visit you and bring you to your home. But you have anticipated us and taken the camp by storm. Hence we must concede to you the palm. You and Mr. Bramholt will please dismount and share our crude hospitality before prosecuting your journey farther."

Then the camp was all astir. In the company were James Baldwin who fired the deadly shot at the wild beast, Dodson Humbolt, camp guardian, who had resuscitated Ruth prior to the capture, Hal Milburn who had borne the tidings of the tragedy in the woods.

On entering Miss Ruth was first hailed by her former benefactor, Dodson Humbolt. Next came Hal Milburn, saying: "Many an hour has passed since that almost fatal tragedy in the forest. Thence your departure was almost as signal as your appearance."

Thus each greeted her as if the dead had come to life. In the meantime the lunch had been transformed into somewhat of a banquet, and refreshments were served with lavish hand and in great glee.

All being over, Dr. Overland, Hal Milburn, and Rudolph Jackson, accompanied Edward Bramholt and Ruth Haskens to her old home. Arriving there long after night, Dr. Overland and Hal Milburn acted as pilots. They cautiously approached the house and aroused the family and told the mother that they had brought a stranger whom she would delight to welcome.

Without any further ceremony Ruth bounded out of the darkness, and clasped her mother around the neck saying: "Mother! Mother!"

Mrs. Haskens, overcome by such unexpected news, almost succumbed. After rallying she exclaimed: "Ruth! My daughter! My daughter. Can it be possible that you have come at last!"

Soon Alpheus, the wounded brother, bounded forward and embraced Ruth in his arms.

Then the father greeted the daughter with all the fondness of a father's heart.

Likewise the other members of the family gathered around and gave vent to their joy at the return of the loved one.

The scene was touching in the extreme. It was not the return of a prodigal who had clandestinely and ruthlessly broken away from home; it was the return of an angel who had been carried away by cruel hands and unavoidably detained.

After the salutations we retired, leaving the family and Edward Bramholt to themselves.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE Judson family on the one hand was constantly talking about the great service Ruth Haskens had rendered them. On the other hand they also remembered that the dying robber chief had bequeathed all his treasures to Ruth. To consummate this bequest they thought would be a fitting reward. Therefore some of the family had an interview with the authorities as to what course to pursue. The latter suggested that the surviving robber be called into service.

The next step therefore was to determine the extent to which he would acquiesce. Accordingly the officer with the Judson party called on the robber. They found him resting very quietly in his cell. He greeted them very cordially.

Said the jailor: "You seem to be in good spirits."

"Good reasons," was the prisoner's prompt reply. Your presence is always the occasion for cheer. But above all things the company you have brought with you is an inspiration. For a long time I have desired an interview with them. I have wanted to talk with them over the past."

"Very good," joined in the party. "Our purpose here is to recall the past experiences, ruminate in old scenes, and redeem outstanding pledges. Accordingly our plan points toward you as the key to the success of our undertaking. You remember that the dying robber chief bequeathed all his treasure jewels and wealth to the intrepid Ruth. To consummate this bequest is our supreme desire."

Said the prisoner: "I am at your service. I

have resolved that if it ever came in my way to make amends I would do it with all my heart."

Thereupon the jailor joined in, saying: "The following plan has been proposed. You accompany the party to the mountain rendezvous and make full disclosure of the treasure. Then afterwards you will return to custody to await further development."

Said the prisoner: "I am favorable to any plan you may propose."

Therefore said the Judsons: "It only remains to determine how we shall travel."

"Well," said the prisoner, "I would suggest that we meet the other persons who are to make up the party."

This suggestion was accepted and the Judson group started. According to previous arrangements they met Dr. Ralph Overland, Hal Milburn and others. Then without delay the whole company started on the mountain journey, the prisoner and jailor being in the lead..

Over crags and peaks, through gorges and ravines did the prisoner wend his way until he came to a large overhanging ledge of rocks. This ledge looked like a solid breast-work of masonry. Over it had grown a thick coat of moss giving the appearance of an antique fortification. Underneath was an entrance which could only be located by one familiar with the surroundings. Through this entrance we made our way. On we went finding one chamber after another opening out into winding labyrinths of passages and rooms. Indeed the greater the explorations, the more apparent were its vastness, its boundless stores, and its booty.

After having gained some vague knowledge as to its whereabouts, character and resources we returned to report to the gallant young maiden the fruits of our adventure.

The jailor started with the prisoner for his former custody and we started on our journey to

the home of Ruth. Dr. Overland, Milburn Jackson and Bramholt being well acquainted with the route, we soon reached our destination.

Miss Haskens and her friends, not exactly expecting such a visit, were a little dismayed. But with her accustomed composure she soon adjusted herself to the situation.

Said Bramholt: "Miss Haskens, we have just returned from an exploring expedition into the mountain rendezvous of your old dungeon home. Accordingly, here are some of the fruits of our adventure, and an earnest of the treasures there. One chamber after another is stored with diamonds, pearls, gems, rubies, jewels, gold and silver from all quarters. Indeed the rendezvous seemed boundless and the treasure inexhaustible. Fair maiden, it only remains for you to make disposal of the same."

Ruth replied: "All the interest I have in it is that the treasures be restored to the rightful owners as far as possible, and otherwise to near relatives. Over and above this the balance may go to worthy purposes, such as benevolent objects, institutions of learning, scientific and philanthropic purposes."

Thus the young maiden refused any personal interest in ill-gotten gain.

## CHAPTER V.

**C**N his return from the exploring expedition the prisoner said to the jailor: "Did you notice the speculations of Dr. Ralph Overland in regard to the rendezvous?"

"Yes!" was the jailor's reply. "He talked like one reveling in a world of reminiscences."

"True," said the prisoner, "but there is a much more thrilling story, and romantic history connected with his life. Whether he was aware of the fact or not, I recognized in him the boy of tender years who was torn away from mother's embrace, and brought to this rendezvous. There he was confined for a time as the object of admiration. But suddenly he was spirited away and lost sight of. The band of desperadoes had always regreted the loss, and were in quest of him ever since. Getting track of him later on in life, it was determined to seize him at all hazards.

"Hence we attacked the camp and head quarters where the gallant young woman was lodged. Not finding Overland there, we despoiled the camp and carried the young woman away. As to Overland's origin and history you will be surprised when I tell you that he was the only son of Colonel Judson, victim of the recent tragedy. As stated before, when but a child, he was seized by cruel hands and taken away from his parents.

"It created quite a consternation at the time. Large rewards were offered for his return, but they were always coupled with such stipulations as could not be met. Finally the family withdrew the ransom and offered a standing reward for the capture of the offenders dead or alive. All possible means were employed to run the captors down. For this reason the band of desperadoes had a grudge against the Judson family and determined to wreak vengeance on them. Hence the fatal tragedy."

"Strange news, this," said the jailor. "Starting would be these revelations to the Judsons."

"Equally so to all parties concerned," rejoined the prisoner. "I am sure Overland is not aware of his own origin and history. Therefore, to make known these matters and bring about reunion, would be a crowning consummation of a long series of estrangements, righting a long list of unmitigated wrongs, painting a glowing sunset for a long troubled life, and opening the way for a rising young man to win a brilliant future."

Said the jailor: "There will be a favorable opportunity for the disclosure of these things. A representative gathering of the two families and of all parties interested has been arranged to take place at the Judson home. Do you not think that would be a suitable time for these disclosures?" asked the jailor.

"There could not be a better time," was the prisoner's reply.

At this juncture Edward Bramholt, who had previously returned to his business, appeared on the scene.

"Greeting to you, Gentlemen," said Bramholt. "You seem deeply engaged in discussion."

The jailor said: "We are running over our recent adventures and past experiences."

"Well," said Bramholt, "if I am not interrupting, I have come to inform you that the parties to the reunion have arrived and desire the pleasure of your presence."

"Welcome news, this," said the jailor. "Such is along the line of our discussion. Therefore most gladly will we accompany you."

Then in the shortest time possible we got ready and were soon at the Judson residence. It was towards evening. Business had been closed and all the men and parties interested were present. The senior Judson's were in good spirits, Edith Judson was modest and quiet, Ruth Haskens maintained her usual composed

bearing, and Dr. Ralph Overland, Hal Milburn, Rudolph Jackson, and others, added to the occasion. All were blithe and gay. The spirit of mirth ran high. Each was calling up the humorous side of their experiences. Amidst this hilarity Edward Bramholt entered with the two men.

"Here we are," said Bramholt. "These men have come with me and have consented to contribute their quota to the good time."

"Welcome," said the senior Judson. "Our capital has about run down. Hence we are ready for new recruits. Let these men unlock their store house of knowledge and satisfy our cravings."

Replying, the jailor said: "Our minds are all out of tune. We have been immersed in some singular phases of our past adventures. Hence we can hardly gear in with the spirit of this occasion."

Thereupon some of the company spoke up saying: "Variety is the spice of life. Let us hear some of your adventures."

Then the jailor, turning to the prisoner, said: "If it is the pleasure of the company to hear from our side, I prefer that you be spokesman."

The company exclaimed: "Hear the prisoner!"

The latter, turning to Colonel Judson, said: "What I have to say appeals to you and lady Judson, and to your immediate family. It runs back to the morning of your lives, when the first bud of promise appeared in your home, namely your son of years ago. Suddenly that bud was plucked from your embrace and your home was left desolate. I confess that was a hard blow. But time has toned down the bitterness. Indeed, that was our theme of conversation when Mr. Bramholt came in on us. We were considering plans how to break the story to you in the most satisfactory way. Accordingly, this occasion seems opportune. Hence if you will permit such a marked

digression from the spirit of this occasion our story will follow."

"Most heartily," said the Judson's with others of the company.

Then the prisoner continued, saying: "That bud, which had such a bitter taste in the morning of your lives, blooms forth in the evening time as a fragrant flower. In other words, your son that was dead like Joseph of old, is alive again. He who was stolen away from your home in the morning of your life graces your presence to-day. His name is none other than Dr. Ralph Overland, the noble young man of this company."

Turning to Ralph he said: "Sir, I am glad to have the honor to discover you to yourself and to your family."

The whole company was thrown into a pandemonium of surprise. They regarded the story as incredulous. But one thing especially could serve to establish the truthfulness of the story in the elder Judson's mind. There was a mark somewhere on the young man's body which he had never outgrown. This was the first thought of the elder Judson. Could this be found, it would go very far towards establishing the identity of the boy. Therefore an examination was made at the behest of all. And true to description the mark was found. Hence the long lost son and parents were identified and restored to each others, embrace.

At length the company turned to Ralph Overland saying: "This is strange news. Therefore we would like to have you give an account of yourself. It would be fitting on this occasion for you to give the story of your life. Where you have been, how you have spent your time, how you have acquired your learning and become what you are."

Said Dr. Overland: "The thing dazes me. I scarcely know where I am. My life appears like a dream. A veritable story of the Arabian Nights.

I am living in different realms. Something within is clammering for recognition. My thoughts travel back over the past, but are vague.

"As to my childhood I know nothing. On the contrary all that is clear to me is that I found myself in the keeping of a man whom I was wont to call '*Pathfinder*.' He was the mentor and guardian of my early days. The forests were his realm and his instincts were to study nature, its laws, and treasures and resources. Thus did I come by my bent, acumen and mental pabulum.

"Long ago he passed away to the shades of the hunter and warrior, and I was left alone to battle with adverse circumstances. For a time I followed my hankerings as a naturalist, geologist and mineralogist, and was led around by every phantom that offered itself to the eye. As for the company with which I am associated, natural attractions for each other banded us together.

"Our doings and movements can only be accounted for on the grounds of adventure and hankerings after the world's treasure. The story of the rendezvous lies open to all. As for myself I can only say that every thing therein struck me with a sense of familiarity, but left me in a dazed condition. I prefer to leave the narrative as disclosed."

The family and the boy looked upon each other in a bewildered manner. Edith greeted Ralph in a sisterly way. Edward Bramholt did not change in spirit and bearing except to give Ralph a more cordial recognition. As for Miss Haskens, she stood as a queen among women. Indeed to all it was a weird story, a medley of relations and strange workings.

Truly, looking at it from a standpoint of Providence, we may say with old Cowper:

Deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs and works his  
sovereign will.

## CHAPTER VI.

**L**ARGE deposits of minerals had been found on the Hasken lands, and consequently a great stir took place. Entire strangers constantly appeared on the scene. At headquarters they asked all sorts of questions.

To Alpheus Haskens, who seemed to be in charge of things, a stranger with stern visage, coarse voice, cynical turn of mind came saying: "I presume you are identified with these operations?"

Alpheus replied: "To some extent."

"Then," said the stranger, "may I ask as to lands, minerals, and intent of these operations?"

Alpheus replied: "The right and title to the lands and minerals for miles around are vested in a family to which belongs a young woman of romantic life. Through her help in girlhood the lands were acquired, in deference to her have they been retained, and through the wheel of fortune have they turned into value."

Said the stranger again: "Can you give any correct idea as to the extent of the treasures?"

In reply Alpheus said: "My personal knowledge is limited; but competent minds who have explored the whole country and delved to great depth tell us that the deposits are vast in extent and of great value."

"Truly," said the stranger, "that sounds as though a veritable El Dorado were in sight. May I ask what plans are contemplated in the development?"

Alpheus replied: "Our plans are not yet complete; but their consummation is assured. Ample means are within reach."

"Through the good offices and influence of the gallant young woman before spoken of, a wealthy family by the name of Judson, with whom she had tragic associations, have placed themselves back of all her movements. They have pledged honor and financial support to any enterprise she may undertake. Accordingly she seems to have espoused the cause of toil. She longs to breathe into it a spirit something like that which characterized the 'Cotton Mills' of John Halifax Gentleman."

Said the stranger: "A sort of Utopian scheme."

"Not exactly," said Alpheus. "But, on the contrary, her desire is to grapple with the conditions of human life as they actually are, and with individuals in all their humanity, weakness and limitations, and lift them into a complete and rounded life. To this end she suggests harmony between labor and capital; and the inauguration of plans in which machinery can be substituted for manual labor, thus relieving labor of its drudgery on the one hand, and on the other giving opportunity for thought, improvement and culture, and incentive for the development of new ideas and a chance to put them in practice. In a word, she longs to reduce things to the basis of the *Golden Rule*."

Said the stranger: "The idea might be all right in theory, but it has no foundation in fact. All business, capital, labor, government, society, church and religion have an opposite trend. In proof of this I want to give you a piece of my own observation and experience. Then from this I argue to general conditions and tendencies. The matter referred to was in the case of a young man whom I personally knew. He was bright, gifted and faithful. He had charge of a responsible and paying business. But he had peculiar ideas in regard to his duties in life. He got an idea that he ought to preach. These impressions he made

known to the firm. At once the firm tried to dissuade him from these notions, doubled his salary, and threw out other flattering inducements.

"But notwithstanding all this he resigned and entered the ministry of a church which has the Episcopal form of government, the "whosoever will" doctrine, and claims its watchword to be 'Holiness.' Under this regime young Cyrus Sancroft entered. He was sent to a barren field called "*Brush Ridge*" without any assurance of any remuneration.

"Rev. Helpful filled an office called Presiding Elder. His name savoured somewhat of the man. He was genial, sensible, and practical. He encouraged the young man and counseled both him and his people. As a consequence the church prospered along all lines. After a long period of hard work and privations, Conference time came. Young Sancroft came up for admission. In recommending him Rev. Helpful stated facts and moved his case. The young man passed in on a tide. He had such a reputation and was so popular that he was sought after for the best stations. Accordingly he was sent to one of the strongest and wealthiest churches, to the great chagrin of some of the older men. He went and every thing promised a brilliant record. However, Rev. Helpful had retired from his office at Conference, and Dr. Self Importance took his place. He was another type of a man altogether. He was, as his name implied, self-centered and self-concerned. He had been honored as a delegate to the General Conference, the law making body of that denomination.

"During one of the sessions the secretary of the body died and Rev. Dr. Self-Importance was appointed to fill the vacancy. Within another year the body was to convene again. This to Dr. Self-Importance was an event of great expectation. The "bee" was buzzing in his hat that he was a necessary factor to that body. Therefore

to the end of 'getting there' he laid his office under tribute. He canvassed all the preachers of the district. He talked about the fitness and non-fitness of candidates. This one was no preacher—and that one no scholar. And another had no executive ability. He said men of rank and influence are wanted,—men like Henry Ward Beecher (to whom he claimed to bear a marked resemblance,) who would do credit to the church.

"On one occasion he was carrying on this sort of thing in the presence of young Cyrus Sancroft, to the mortification of assembled guests. Timidly therefore the latter ventured to remark that such talk did not savour of the charity that thinketh no evil and that seeketh not her own.

"Thereupon the Rev. Dr. Self-Importance bristled up like an infuriated wild beast, saying: 'You young ignoramus, can it be possible that you have the effrontery to presume to tell me my business? Your ignorance is monumental. You are only fit to associate with cattle, and be assured you will go where you belong in the shortest time possible.' Therefore in accordance with this threat the Rev. Dr. Self-Importance set to work to compass young Sancroft's down-fall. He abused him in public, stirred up strife in the Church, laid snares for him with the people, and put every possible obstruction in the way that he could contrive. As a consequence the young man was a failure. Then at Conference time the Rev. Dr. Self-importance blackmailed him in the bishops' council and denounced him before the Conference as a scalawag and reprobate. Hence young Sancroft was dismissed from the Church and became a ruined man. On the other hand the Rev. Dr. Self-Importance went on electioneering and went into the General Conference on a tidal wave. Afterwards he boasted that he would teach such young upstarts to know their places.

"This," said I, "is church and religion for you. It is only history repeating itself. It is a

system of oppression, and an enginry of blood. Henceforth count me an avowed enemy to all such men, institutions and principles."

"Hold," said Alpheus, "you might be sincere in convictions; but certainly you are wrong in your reasoning. One swallow does not make a summer, one error does not condemn a business man as a failure, and one long-lived drunkard does not insure long lives and good morals to other drunkards. Most persons are too ready to draw conclusions from small premises. Hence to judge all men by the failure of one or two individuals is not fair. That is the reasoning of small superficial minds. On the other hand a noble spirit is never small. Would that you could meet the woman whose spirit animates these enterprises. In her you would find a heart ready to atone for the wrongs of men, a spirit calculated to restore faith in one's self, and in humanity, and above all in the *Supreme Being*."

"That may all be," said the stranger, "but as matters now stand, I am bitterly opposed to organized churches, and all regime of religion and all systems connected therewith and growing out of the same. I serve notice that you will hear from me again."

Thus he took his departure as suddenly and as abruptly as he came.

## CHAPTER VII.

**T**HE new town assumed the name of Haskensville. However there was nothing in common with the name and surroundings save being called after the original settlement.

On the one hand the place had lost the even tenor of primeval days. On the other hand it had assumed a cosmopolitan atmosphere.

According to tradition it was something like the primeval days of San Fransisco or reservation towns which sprang up in a day. People flocked thereto until there was a horde of turbulent humanity. A recent writer speaks of a plan called the "*Rectangle*" where everything to which slumdom is heir to could be found. But Haskensville was a veritable pandemonium. There was no law, no order, no society. On the other hand evil and wickedness of every conceivable character were there. Intemperance, the prolific source of vice and crime, had brothels on every side. Gambling was open and defiant. Respect for women was unthought of. Grossness and immorality were the order of the day. Infidelity was rampant, riot was precipitated without warning, and murder was committed in cold blood. Assemblies could not meet with any satisfaction, neither could business be carried on with any safety. The whole spirit threatened to defeat every enterprise. The fond hopes of the founders had almost fled. To cap the climax a band of ruffians had colluded together to get control of money matters. And it looked as though they were going to get their plans accomplished without interruption.

But in the meantime the reunion before mentioned had disbanded, and all parties had returned and were in their places. Dr. Overland placed himself at the head of the main exchequer. While the clouds were ominous, he prepared for the onslaught. Hence when the assault came it was repulsed with telling effect, and the assailants were laid low on every side. But unfortunately that did not settle matters. On the other hand it only added fuel to the flames. It embittered the vicious classes and marked the defender as the special object of hatred. They watched their opportunity and effected the capture of Overland. Giving him a sham trial, they pushed him forward to the funeral pile for execution. But as they were about striking the fatal blow their effort was frustrated by the sudden appearance of a person in the garb of a woman. Whence she came was not then apparent.

Like Pocahontas who came to the rescue of the noted John Smith of Colonial times, and noble Portia in the Merchant of Venice, who came to the rescue of Antonia, so this woman espoused the cause of this man. Rushing between the victim and his assailants she cried: "Villians ! Stay your bloody hands ! Instead of harming a hair on yonder heroic brow pierce this heart of mine through with a thousand daggers. The heart lodged in his bosom is as generous as ever throbbed. The blood coursing through his veins is noble as ever supported life. The deeds he has wrought are worthy to be told throughout the world as a memorial. Your hearts are ever tender over the bereavement that once crossed the path of one of your own flesh and blood, little Eva Goodwill. Her father disappeared in her infancy and was never heard of, while she and her mother were left to battle life alone. The child was the idol of the whole community both rich and poor. Suddenly however she was seized by a band of hobos and carried away to other

parts. Therefore you will remember that your cry was for the blood of the perpetrators. Was it not?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the leader of the crowd "and could we but catch him now we would feed fat the ancient grudge we bear him."

Continuing the stranger said: "Do you not remember how her singular return gladdened your hearts. On the one hand it begot in you loud expressions of praise and on the other hand called forth strong promises of reward."

The leader of the crowd again said: "A benediction on his head. Could we but find him we would render him, like Mordicai of old, the long withheld honor."

"Well," said the woman, "Eva has always been under my eye. And being ever in touch with me she is within reach on this occasion. She has a story to tell which will throw light on this scene."

Then the woman brought Eva forward and said: "Do you see yonder stranger?"

"Yes!" said Eva. "That is Dr. Overland."

Instantly the ruffian leader started forward and said: "Can it be possible, child, that you know that man?"

"O, Yes! Mister" said the little girl. "He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, takes care of the poor and helps those who are in trouble. And as it says in the good book, whosoever gives a cup of cold water unto one of the little ones has a disciple's reward. Accordingly, when I was sick, helpless, and about ready to die, he came and took care of me. And when I got well he sent me back to my friends."

The ruffian over whom the child had strange influence exclaimed: "For thy sake and for the sake of thy kind benefactress, this man goes free."

Then turning to the woman the ruffian said: "Your interest in the child is of great concern to

me. But for all your strange procedure and conduct I am at a loss to account. Your methods are so opposite the ordinary ways of men as to be almost unique. May I inquire as to who you are and what your mission is?"

The woman replied: "I am malice towards none and charity for all."

The ruffian said: "That does not satisfy us. A personage of such strange make-up we would know more of. Therefore if you will declare more fully the truth concerning yourself, you will confer on us a great favor."

"Well," said the woman, "My mission is to herald in the 'brotherhood of man.'"

Said the ruffian: "I understand now.

"You are the woman commended to me by a young man calling himself Alpheus Haskens. In a former interview I had with him he told me the business with which he was connected was operated under the auspices of the 'brotherhood of man.' Therefore may I ask whether you know anything of the man and the business?"

"O yes!" answered the woman, "He is none other than my brother, and is committed to the same cause,—'the brotherhood of man.' Such we commend to the consideration of all. For the foundation thereof is the 'Golden Rule.'"

"Well," said the ruffian, "that will do to talk about, but I find that the regime of religion and institutions connected therewith have been nothing but systems of bigotry and enginries of blood. That hand drove the Mayflower out over the stormy Atlantic, finally anchoring it at famous old Plymouth Rock. The same spirit laid hands on old Galileo when he discovered and published the proper motion of the earth, burnt his books, sent him to prison and made him deny his theory. That hand also sent Roger Bacon, the forerunner of experimental science, to the dungeon, drove Wycliffe to his grave, Huss to the funeral pile and Savonarola to the scaffold. It has plunged

Europe in the bloodiest wars ever known, drenched the earth with the richest blood of humanity and strewed the bodies of noble lives all along the march of the race."

Ruth said in reply: "That may all be true, stranger, but abuses, errors, and evil have crept into every system of man, and have committed crimes in the name of good causes. It was in the name of the Church that Galileo was imprisoned, his books burnt and his theory denied, but this proves nothing. Galileo was himself a most devout Christian. It was while he was worshiping in the cathedral at Pisa that the swinging of a lamp set him to thinking about the sublime forces of the universe. Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, was a Christian. John Howard, who left his palatial home and spent his money and life to remove the horrors of the prison, and died from the stench and disease thereof, was a Christian. Lord Shaftesbury, who spent his life to help the outcast and down-trodden, was a Christian. So with others. Indeed, we do not think it too much to say that civilization travels side by side with the Gospel as science follows the Cross. Hence, stranger, may we not commend for your consideration the motto, 'Malice toward none and charity for all.' Yea, may we not have the pleasure ere long to welcome you into the 'brotherhood of man?'"

Said the ruffian as if all his old savage nature were aroused: "None of those things for me."

Thus the interview ended. Dr. Overland went free, the ruffian took leave of the child, and departed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**D**R. Ralph Overland Judson, as he must now be called, had recovered himself. The fact of sonship was undeniable. Therefore his interest lay in two localities, one the new settlement, Haskensville, the other, his home country. The former had such a strong hold upon him that he seemed to animate every movement. The other had filial obligations which he could not ignore. Hence to adjust himself to this new relation was no easy task. However, he plunged into the midst of things with all his energies.

With Miss Haskens he projected a congress of the people to meet the unsettled condition of the times. This congress was to be a body meeting stately and regularly. Its object on the one hand was to consider means to banish all vice and crime, such as drunkenness, gambling, and immorality, and on the other hand how to bring man into more vital touch with religion.

At the appointed time the congress met in the spacious auditorium of the town. Great throngs of people from all classes and walks of life were on hand. There was no formal organization. The body seemed a law unto itself. Without delay or ceremony the congress was opened.

It threatened to be a confusion of tongues, or a pandemonium. Thereupon Dr. Judson came forward to grapple with the situation, saying: "I am not the sole promoter of this movement. Neither do I want to be responsible for its deliberations, nor do I assume the position of spokesman for any party or creed. Nevertheless it was my hope that this congress would be the means of bringing the people into more vital touch with religion. I have understood that religion has always been the mainstay of man, and especially is this true in regard to Christianity. This system is the crowning work of revelation.

In the first place it has brought to light the highest conception of the Supreme Being, namely, the 'Fatherhood of God.' In the second place it has published a new conception of man's relation to man,—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'—in other words the 'brotherhood of man.' In the parable of the Good Samaritan we have proclaimed the watchword of man's dealings with man. This spirit has revolutionized the whole system of human duty. Christianity has been the religion of man, in all conditions, and under all circumstances, in the country as well as in the city; in the cottage and in the palace; on the sea as well as on land; in war as well as in peace; for the young as well as for the old; in the mining camp as well as in the village and the great metropolis. Hence it is entitled to a hearing and should have the right of way over men's lives."

Thus saying he sat down. Then quick as a flash Miss Haskens rose to her feet and took up the same strain saying: "Christianity is not only the religion of man, but also the religion of woman. And that is the one fact above all other things that needs emphasis today. Slavery among white women is more appalling in different parts of the world than was black slavery in the times of the *Civil War*. Helpless women and innocent girls are decoyed from their homes to other places for base purposes. Indeed we need not go from our own home localities for verifications. There are cases at our own doors horrible to think of. The following story serves to illustrate my case. The individual was a woman who was a most desperate character. She was a terror to everybody. One day I undertook her rescue. At once therefore there was a universal protest on the part of friends and people saying, 'you will endanger your life.' 'Be that as it may' said I, 'I am going, and if I perish, I perish.' So saying I started on my mission alone. I wended my way along the broad avenues,

walled in by massive buildings, until I turned into the slum neighborhood. By and by, coming to an old dilapidated structure, I found that the woman lodged in the attic. With difficulty I made my way up two flights of rickety old stairs. Looking across the floor, I saw her sitting in the corner of the room supporting herself with one hand. Aroused by the noise, she was looking towards the stairs, and as soon as she saw me she poured forth an awful wail. At once I thought of the damsel described in the Acts of the Apostles, 16th chapter, out of whom Paul drove the evil spirit and thus liberaterd her from the thrall-dom of her masters. So this woman had been the prey of designing and wicked men, and the capital of the saloon until she became ruined and desperate. Thus on my approach she poured forth such a volume of oaths that it seemed as though it came from the sea warning me not to approach. But I paid no attention to the threats. On the contrary I made my way up the stairs, and crossed the floor to where the woman was. I knelt down beside her, placed my hand on her dishevelled hair and planted a kiss on her dirt stained cheek saying: 'I have come to be your friend.' Instantly the curses and threats turned to shrieks and cries, saying: 'Go away ! Go away ! I cannot stand it. That is the first kiss I have had since my mother's death. On the other hand I have had kicks, cuffs, and foul treatment all my life. Such has brought me to where I am, and now I am too loathsome for human company.' 'Not so,' said I, 'I am your friend.' Thus I prayed with her until her heart was strangely moved. At length she yielded to my requests and came with me. I worked, prayed and encouraged her until she became a reformed woman, and now she is a great power for good. "

At this juncture that excrescence, who had formerly crossed Alpheus Haskens' path, appeared on the scene. Addressing the congress,

he said: "These proceedings are based on the grossest fiction. They are misleading in the extreme. On the other hand the ruling law to-day is '*Selfishness*.' It arrays classes against masses, labor against capital, nation against nation, brother against brother, and carries ruin in its train. It is at the bottom of the social unrest and is the prolific source of all the trouble in the world to-day. It is even at the bottom of this gathering. Some of your hypocritical number had the effrontery to trespass on our premises and interfere with our business. That woman whom you are making so much fuss about is our property; and I am here to tell you that she will return to us either dead or alive."

So saying he made his way towards the women, and as he approached he jerked out a dagger and made a thrust at the woman. Fortunately, however, Ruth Haskens, standing near, caught his arm and warded off the blow. With other help the fiend was overpowered and brought into subjection. It looked as though there would be an insurrection and a crisis, but fate ruled otherwise. The fiend was a victim of some deadly malady. His intention was to deal a twofold injury,—on the one hand do bodily violence to the woman and her benefactors, and on the other hand spread the malady far and wide.

Immediately Dr. Judson assumed charge. On examination he found symptoms of some deadly malady or some malignant fever. Moreover the wickedness of the slum districts and tenement neighborhood, congested with wretched elements, infested with gambling hells, packed with low saloons and cheap boarding and dirty lodging houses, and surrounded with a seething mass of poverty, squalor, corruption and disease, had broken forth in all its fury. Hence Dr. Judson ordered the congress closed and the victims removed beyond the reach of the people. By this means he hoped to avert a universal epidemic.

## CHAPTER IX.

**M**ORNING had never dawned on a more dreary and desolate place than Haskensville. Business was abandoned, homes were broken up, and families were scattered. All who were able made a stampede to get away. Private conveyances, horses, road-wagons and freight trains were called into service, and coaches on passenger trains were crowded to suffocation.

The people scattered out into the country to find lodging wherever they could. A few canvas tents were put up to accommodate the women and children. These were crowded to the utmost capacity.

However this was only feeding the epidemic, causing it to spread like prairie fire far and wide. Hence an absolute quarantine had to be declared. All means of travel were prohibited. Only mail trains, and the men necessary to manage them, were allowed to run. On the other hand thousands of people were quartered in Haskensville dependent for daily subsistence. The city was practically smitten by the epidemic with little or no recourse. It looked as though the place were going to be left like the lepers on the island Molunkai. Those people were exiled from their homes and friends on account of the deadly malady. They had no food, no friends, nor any one to care for them. Hence Father Damien volunteered to minister unto them. He did a noble work. But it was at the cost of his life. So in this city mortality was frightful. People were dying on every hand. Deaths were so numerous that the burial of the victims had to be abandoned. On the other hand the bodies were cremated,

but burial or cremation were fast becoming questions of little attention. Hence Ruth Haskens, seeing the frightful condition into which things had fallen, volunteered her services. The elder Judson's, and their family, as well as her own, had fallen victims only to pass away one after the other in rapid succession. But above all her mother was the most sorrowful case. She had exerted herself in the early stages of the epidemic, and then fell victim to the disease herself. Hence Ruth redoubled her efforts to give her the best possible attention with the hope of bringing her through. But in spite of all her efforts the mother passed away on the tide of almost universal mortality.

This to Ruth was a hard blow. Already her energies had been taxed to the utmost. Besides, there still lingered the terrible case of the ruffian. All the while he hovered between life and death. No one was able to do anything for him save Ruth. She could not separate herself from the case without bringing on a change for the worse. Hence she continued her ministries with the hope of bringing his case through. She labored long and hard with some degree of success. There was a change for the better and, in general, by the co-operation and careful planning on the part of all, the epidemic was gotten under control. But alas! as it generally happens with all such cases, at a great cost. Her spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. She had gone too long and done too much. Her strength had been over-taxed. Consequently she became a physical wreck, and finally succumbed to the disease. Her case pressed heavy on all sides. On the one hand the news fell like a pall on the masses. Slumdom and the vicious classes wept as though a veritable Dorcas were about to be taken from their midst. On the other hand friends exerted all their ingenuities and taxed all their resources to give her relief.

Amidst all these circumstances the little girl Eva Goodwill clung to Ruth. During the epidemic she went with her on the round of her ministries. She was at every beck and call, and when Ruth was worn out she would relieve her. Then when Ruth finally fell victim to the fever the little girl never left her. Nevertheless Ruth passed away amidst universal lamentation. Her departure was peaceful and triumphant. It seemed as if the angelic host had descended and borne her spirit home. Henceforth her life was to be associated with the company who walk in white,—a trophy of the King. Thus what she did not accomplish in her life she accomplished in her death. Dr. Judson, Eva Goodwill the reformed woman, and the desperate character alone survived. However all hope centred in Dr. Judson. It remained for him to rally the remaining forces and push the work forward.

## CHAPTER X.

**A** NEW era had set in. Reform movements had opened up along all lines. The mission work took new impetus and assumed vast proportions. The old stand had become inadequate. Hence new quarters were secured in the central part of the city. A new hall was built as a rallying point for all departments of the work.

The plan had been conceived by Miss Haskens before her departure. Afterwards Dr. Judson carried it out along that line. He secured the best plot of ground obtainable, and then contributed \$7,000,000, or more, for the erection of a large central hall and church house. There was nothing like it in all the religious world. It was unique in character and design. The ground floor and basement were set apart for business and commercial purposes. On the first floor were a great hall with seating capacity for thousands, and a Sunday school room of equal dimensions. On the second floor were the synod hall, committee rooms, libraries, ladies' parlors, class rooms and club rooms for various agencies and missions. The wisdom of the plan was apparent from the first. By request of Dr. Judson the reformed woman Julia Powell took charge of the central hall, and it was crowded from the first night. The services were bright, hearty and full of enthusiasm and life. But there was nothing of a sensational character. The chief work was the

conversion of souls. This was the order of the day not only in the inquiry room on Sunday nights, but in the prayer meeting during the week, in the offices of the "*Central Hall*," and during the preaching of the Word. And when the hall became crowded, overflow meetings were established. Then other halls were opened up. Theatre services were also established with a congregation of non church goers. Slum mission halls were established by which good influences could be sent to the lowest strata. By this means thousands were served regularly, and the central offices were in touch with all the people.

Other lines of work were also opened up. Social work was one of the main features. In this department numbers of girls who were engaged in factory work were reached. As an addition to the family income the wages of these girls were acceptable. But in many cases the girls had to take care of themselves and provide for their own support. And unless deft in hand, they were unable to earn a decent living. For such girls there were evening homes where they met in clubs and spent the evenings in a wholesome manner. To guard the girls after the homes had closed for the evenings, boarding houses were established under the charge of competent women. There these factory and working girls who were homeless and friendless were boarded and lodged at reasonable rates, and watched over with the utmost care.

Moreover where the wages and means were not sufficient to meet the expenses, the balance was supplemented from the net earnings of the factories and institutions or by subscriptions of private individuals.

Morally speaking this seemed to be the most remunerative of all lines of work. It is assuming vast proportions, and is most promising. Dr. Judson has also opened plans for the unemployed. He has established bureaus for men and women.

At the Central Hall rooms are open all day long. During the morning hours some one is in charge to receive men who have been unfortunate and need work, help and sympathy.

Connected with this bureau is a wood chopping yard. There in an afternoon a man can earn a supper, lodging and breakfast at a temperance house. This is the crucial test and the loafer will not submit to the ordeal. Thus the sheep are separated from the goats, and the willing are discovered. For these permanent employment is secured, and wonderful has been the work along this line. You would scarcely believe it if I were to tell you that this department is self-sustaining. Those who have gotten on their feet show their appreciation by becoming patrons. We are receiving contributions from all parts of the world. That notorious character who recovered is doing wonderful work in the men's department and is leading many to better lives.

Thus the antagonism between Christianity and the masses has here a suggestion. The chief obstacle towards the union of the classes and the masses is in a fair way of finding a solution in this practical demonstration of the Gospel.

## CHAPTER XI.

NE feature about Haskensville hitherto not mentioned was the intercourse opened up with the former city of the Judson's.

Haskensville, having rapid growth and development, brought a swarm of the rough element that way. On the other hand the city of the Judson's had a large and congested population made up of people from every nation under the sun. In one section, not three miles square, over fifteen languages were spoken while not one knew anything about evangelical religion. Besides, over 4,000 saloons were doing business in the place. These employed more than 4,000 hands and realized a daily income of \$300,000. Sunday was unknown. In one saloon on a certain Sunday evening were counted over 300 men. Within the next three hours 200 more entered until they were standing six deep around the gambling table. And in general more than 2,000 billiard and pool rooms and gambling dens were in operation. Houses of impurity also abounded and thousands of men were engaged in alluring people that way. The religious and moral destitution of the masses was appalling. One section being canvassed, it was found that of 1000 families visited over 900 did not have any Bible. Neither would they receive one. There were thousands of children who never entered Sunday school.

On the other hand a number of atheistic Sunday schools were in operation, the members of which were taught by catechism that there is no God, no Bible, no heaven, no hell, no virtue in

woman, no integrity in man, and no good anywhere.

Thus, as the great hordes of barbarians once poured into the old Roman Empire and finally overturned it, so on a smaller scale out of this maelstrom came streams of barbarous humanity into Haskensville.

Hence here was a problem that had to be solved. To this end the Bureau of Industry was called into play. Balthazer, the recovered and reformed bandit, was the active spirit. In former days he had been conversant with the spirit and plans of the Salvation Army. It was the sole movement in all his travels that bearded the lion in his den, and endeavored to lead the vicious classes to abandon their evil ways and turn to a better life. Hence in this new line of work he instinctively turned to their plans of work.

Accordingly the first move was the *Food and Shelter Depots*. These were inaugurated as extensions and branches of the Bureau of Industry in Central Hall. From thence they were managed with that as the main gateway. Thus the weary and the friendless, after spending the day in fruitless pursuit of toil, found these depots a great boon. Each individual would go into the wash house and find warm water, soap, and towel. Then a large pot of coffee, tea, or cocoa with plenty of bread was given. By the beginning of the second watch hundreds were in the shelters for the night.

Then followed the rousing salvation meeting. The leaders with their musical instruments and stirring songs made things lively. Prayers and short addresses and testimonies were given. After the meeting the inmates would repair to the dormitory for a night's lodging, it being kept neat and clean at all times. In the morning coffee and bread were again provided for them. Then in addition there were in operation workshops, and labor yards, such as carpentering, painting, wagon making, blacksmithing, wood

working and shoemaking, and all kinds of manual labor. Into these shops the men were allowed to go as it suited them either as temporary or permanent workmen.

Beyond the confines of the place there were thousands of acres of land set apart as an agricultural and industrial colony. To this colony the men and families passed on and found permanent employment and homes. Adjoining the colony were fresh air farms and homes for cripples and invalid children. These groups of children would remain for a period of two or three weeks; then they were followed by other groups. Thus hundreds of children were fed, clothed and sheltered during the spring, summer, and autumn.

On the other hand by this means a reflex influence was carried back into that maelstrom. Bible organizations were established in the latter place to carry the Gospel into the homes of people who never went to Church. The leaders of these societies would visit from house to house, carry the Bible, talk and pray with the people. They would also distribute tracts and other wholesome literature, and help to hold mothers' meetings and carry the cases of the needy to the proper sources for relief. They would also visit prisons, hospitals and other institutions, and thus endeavor to find opportunity for giving the Gospel to every creature.

## CHAPTER XII.

**A**S another item in her last will and testament Ruth Haskens set apart means for an institution in the interest of boys and girls.

Accordingly Dr. Judson inaugurated a school on a stupendous scale in memory of the benefactress, calling it "Haskens Institute."

He conceived the plan and defined the purpose and scope of the institution. Here he concentrated all his talents, energies, money and resources. He felt that she was to live through him. He wanted to make her life a power in the thoughts and lives of others. To this end he placed himself back of this institution and made its interests his chief concern.

The building he erected was a massive structure of brick and stone. Inside it was handsomely finished with hard wood, fine stair cases, and marble floors. Nothing was spared to promote convenience and service.

The institution was divided into two general divisions,—a scientific academy, and a technical college. It was organized into departments such as mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, metallurgy, domestic arts, kindergartens and commerce, each of which was in charge of a director. In the academic department there was first the scientific academy which provided courses for boys and girls who had come through the grammar grades of the public schools. These

courses fitted the student for the technical college or the scientific courses of the leading universities of the country. Also in the academic department there was secondly the technical college where the student, having chosen the line of his special studies, devoted himself to a course in mechanics such as electrical and mining engineering, etc. In these departments there was also an immense amount of modern machinery run by immense engines, thus giving the student all the advantages of practical experience.

There was also a department of architecture and music, and a library department on a stupendous scale. It comprised over a million volumes. Then there was a bureau of international exchange between the learned societies and men not only in this country but throughout the civilized world. Also there was a museum on a grand scale. Here were deposited objects of scientific and artistic interest. It was divided into divisions, and the articles under these respective departments were so arranged that the student and investigator might study the series of objects illustrating any special subject.

But above all there was the department of bibliology. Therein was taught the relation of the Bible to our literature, institutions and civilization. To this end the Bible was studied not simply as an agency of religious training, nor as a medium for the dissemination of theology, but as a literary work; for the Bible is the avenue through which we travel to the glories of Milton, Shakespeare and Tennyson, the key to the literature from Chaucer to Browning. It is emphasized as the greatest of the great masterpieces of literature and the fountain spring from which the authors of the best in our literature have drawn their inspiration. It is aimed to give such knowledge of the Bible as will lead to a proper understanding of the Christianity which is the basis of all history since the fall of Rome, and the founda-

tion of our American liberty, progress, morals and life. Thus on the one hand was founded an institution to encourage research, and on the other to discover the exceptional man in every department and encourage him to make the most out of his life.

Thus of the departed might be said appropriately: "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."

## CHAPTER XIII.

**D**R. JUDSON was in his element. He had at last found a field for the free range of his talents. It was productive soil. He found jewels and diamonds in the rough where he least suspected them. For instance, a heavy storm had been raging over the country, causing destruction on all sides. He was traveling about the work when the storm was at its height. On the banks of a stream near some of the works a large crowd had gathered to watch the flood which had grown higher than was ever known before. For several days guards had been stationed to prevent a jam at the bridge that spanned the stream.

For a certain time the interest centred in a new object. The home of one of the workmen was on the bank of the stream just across the bridge. Into that home Eva Goodwill had gone on a mission. During her stay the tide rose so rapidly that it threatened to sweep away the bridge, the house and all its occupants. The crowd was yelling and shouting that this and that ought to be done, but seemed powerless to do anything.

In the midst of this turmoil and confusion a young man came dashing through the crowd on a run. He crossed the bridge and, splashing through the water that surrounded the house, he went inside. Soon he came out with a delicate woman in his arms. It was his mother. He carried her to a place of safety. Then he recrossed the bridge and brought Eva Goodwill out

and placed her by his mother's side. Without exchanging words he dashed back across the bridge, and went into the house again. He ran swiftly up stairs to a corner bed room. There an old fashioned corded bedstead stood. With skillful fingers he took out the cord. Then, opening two windows, he threw one end of the cord out so that it swung around the corner of the house to the other window where he caught it. He made a strong running knot, threw the cord out of one of the windows, and went down on it hand over hand. Scarcely pausing to touch the ground, he ran swiftly to a stout willow tree that stood near by and fastened the rope securely. Then he came back across the bridge. The whole operation took less than twenty minutes; then the house broke from its foundations and launched out on the tide.

Dr. Judson came up just in time to see part of the proceedings. Turning to a man standing near, he inquired who the young lad was. The bystander said he was a young fellow who had come lately with an aged and delicate woman and had secured work in the shops. Dr. Judson said: "An eye to see, a brain to devise and a hand to execute all in the same stroke. That is the kind of a man needed in these days of rush and push. I would like to meet him," remarked Dr. Judson.

Thereupon the young man was conducted into his presence. Said Dr. Judson: "I am told your name is David Nelson."

"Yes, Sir," was his reply.

"David, tell me all about yourself," said the Doctor.

"There is little to tell, Sir!" said David. "My father was a machinist and when I was a child he was caught in the machinery of a mill in his native town and was killed. After that, mother had such a horror for shops and factories that we moved away out into the country."

"How have you been supported during all this time?" inquired the Doctor.

David replied: "My mother worked for the farmers, and I have worked in the fields and in the blacksmith shops and at anything I could do. Then when these great works opened up I came over here to live with my mother."

Said Dr. Judson: "David, I will give you as good a job in the works as you can fill. At the same time you can enter the academic department of the Institute and use your leisure time in study."

He accepted the offer and entered upon work and study at once. But factory work and study did not go together. Hence at the suggestion of Dr. Judson he abandoned the factory and devoted his entire time to academic work. In a few months he finished the course. Then he entered the technical school. His capacity for grasping things as a whole and in detail was prodigious. Accordingly his record at the school was sweeping. He finished the course with the highest grade.

Immediately, on graduation, positions opened up. But Dr. Judson kept an eye on him and prevailed on him to associate himself with him in the management of the Institute and the other business concerns.

On the other hand Dr. Judson was giving signs of failing health. Hence while he did not directly express his mind, he intimated to Nelson that with the best the thread of life was brittle, and that sooner or later some one would be compelled to take his place.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**B**ALTHAZER, the reformed man, had roamed over many countries. In his meanderings he had come across many rich finds. It was a custom in those countries that parties who made such discoveries had the first right. These claims were defined and recorded in detail with the name of the discoverer.

Thus on the one hand were barred out all other parties, and on the other hand the title was vested in said individual. Before going, however, Balthazer settled his interests and belongings on Eva Goodwill; and, as she deemed proper, a residue on the institutions of Haskensville. Then calling Dr. Judson aside he said: "I have a secret I want to tell you. It is in regard to Eva Goodwill. She is my own child. I am the man that disappeared in an early day and was never heard of. I roamed far and wide over many a country, and never had any rest. Consequently I returned in quest of my child. Finding that her mother had died and placed the child in good hands with special requests to be carried out, I withheld my identity. But now as I am going on this journey, and something tells me I am not likely to return, I feel that it is my duty to make facts known."

Therefore Dr. Judson called Eva Goodwill in and explained matters to her as disclosed. Thus the strange resemblance in disposition and ways and fascination for each other were cleared up.

After appointing Dr. Judson his administrator and taking leave of Eva, Balthazer started on his journey. It was a hazardous undertaking.

Going south into the Mexicos he located the lands. However, sometime before, another party, Ben Hart by name, got wind of the bonanza and had taken possession. Balthazer's right rested on his former discovery which was on record. Hart claimed to have the original Spanish grant. Both parties however pushed their claims. Balthazer carried his claim to the courts of law which finally decided in his favor, and on the other hand declared Hart a trespasser and an outlaw. The latter however did not accept the decision and was not disposed to give way. He repelled Balthazer with a squad of men. On the other hand Balthazer had re-enforced himself with a strong posse of armed natives and descended on Hart and his cow boys. A terrible battle ensued in which there was heavy loss of life. The leaders of both parties were mortally wounded. Hart died instantly with many of his followers. Balthazer lingered long enough to see the triumph of his own side. The title to his lands still adhered in him. Hence when he passed away word came back to Haskensville as to the rich bonanza in store for his heirs. Previously however Dr. Judson had taken violently ill with hemorrhage. It proved very serious. By it he had been reduced to a feeble state of health. Hence he was compelled to abandon business along all lines. Though before doing so he made disposition of all his business and trusts. He appointed David Nelson his successor, business manager, and attorney in fact. The latter was a young man, but mature in judgment and apt in business. Nevertheless the situation was trying in the extreme. The departure of Dr. Judson was a heavy blow on all sides. On the one hand after inaugurating things so auspiciously it was sad to be struck down almost without a moment's warning. On the other hand being a man of noble principles it was a great loss. But like Washington, giving his farewell address to his country-

men, were Judson's parting words full of wholesome counsel to the people. On the contrary, as Moses to Joshua, and Paul to Timothy, did he counsel Nelson to be an example in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity and manliness. Thus he passed away lamented and beloved.

On the other hand Nelson addressed himself to the new and responsible charge with wonderful skill. He took hold of the threads in the Baltazar case and unraveled them with the shrewdness of a diplomat. He met the demands of all parties abroad. On the contrary he settled claims satisfactorily with parties at home. He secured much revenue and boundless treasure for Eva Goodwill and the institutions at Haskensville. Then by his request Julia Powell remained at the head of the Central Hall and Eva Goodwill took charge of the department of women, winning new victories, pressing on to higher grounds and nobler aspirations. He placed himself at the head of every department and kept in touch with every movement. His presence seemed ubiquitous.

Thus things moved along not only in even tenor, but with new impetus. The whole community caught the spirit. It seemed like a new time. On the one hand humanity was not disposed to evil and crime, and did not require the restraint of law. On the other it was disposed to obey law, respect the rights of others, and was pure, truthful and happy.

One spirit and one law pervaded the whole realm,—an earnest this of the regime of the golden rule and the brotherhood of man.

Thus the curtain fell over this narrative. The spirit Ruth Haskens bequeathed to her followers lives on. Indeed in the great drama of life man changes and ages move, but life flows ceaselessly on.

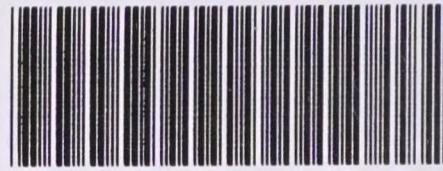












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